

TERMS.

Paymaster advance..... \$1.50
Do. within the year..... 2.00
Do. after the expiration of the year..... 2.50
A failure to notify of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrearages are paid, will be faithfully attended to.

Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and order their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

5. The carrier has decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the postmaster of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his frank, [as he is authorized to do] of your wish to discontinue.

Business Directory.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Division, No. 432.—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Room in the old Northern Exchange.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Section, No. 102.—meets every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.

Croghan Lodge, No. 77. meets at the Old Fellows Hall, in Morehouse's building, every Saturday evening.

ROBERTS, HUBBARD & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Copper, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware,

AND DEALERS IN

Stoves, Wood, Hides, Sheep-skins, Rags

Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c. Also,

ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS.

Pense's Brick Block, No. 1.

Fremont, Sandusky Co. Ohio.

1849.] [1849.]

C. R. McCULLOCH,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

FREMONT, OHIO.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,

Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor

in Chancery, will attend to professional business in

Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

JOHN L. GREENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and Prosecuting Attorney

for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all professional

business entrusted to his care, with promptness and

faithfulness.

Office—At the Court House.

CHESTER EDGERTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office—At the Court House.

Fremont, Sandusky Co. O.

No 1.

B. J. BARTLETT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.

Will give his undivided attention to professional

business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.

Fremont, Feb. 27, '49.

PIERRE BEAUGRAND,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services

to the citizens of Fremont, and vicinity.

Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

LA Q. RAWSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.

May 26, 1849.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., OHIO.

BELL & SHEETS,

Physicians and Surgeons,

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO.

Office—Second story of Knapp's Building.

July 7, 1849.

Post-Office Hours.

THE regular Post-Office hours, until further notice,

will be as follows:—

From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.

W. M. STARK, P. M.

New and Fashionable

Boot and Shoe Shop.

THE undersigned, has opened a BOOT and SHOE

shop on

Main street, two doors north of the Post Office,

in Lower Sandusky, and is now manufacturing to order

every thing in the above line with neatness and dispatch.

His materials are of the best quality, his workmen are ex-

perienced, and all work is warranted.

He intends to supply this market with beautiful and

fashionable

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS,

Men's, Boys', and Children's Boots Shoes and Brogans,

Cowhide and Kipka, as well as pumps, slippers, &c. Also,

all done up in neat and fashionable style, and delivered

with promptness and dispatch. The subscriber requests

a liberal share of the public patronage, and is determined

to merit the same.

GEORGE WIGSTEIN.

June 23, '49.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

DRS. SHEETS & BELL,

HAVING entered into a partnership in the Drug Store

owned by Dr. Sheets, in Tyler's Building, where

they now offer a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Paints,

and a great variety of fancy articles, such as cologne,

hair oil, indelible ink, pen-knives, combs, brushes of all

kinds, with a full assortment of

PATENT MEDICINES,

for every disease that afflicts mankind; which we offer

at very low prices for Cash, Beeswax, Ginseng, Sassafras

Bark from the root and Paper Rags. Low Prices, and

Ready Pay in something,

is our motto forever.

SHEETS & BELL.

Fremont, July 14, 1849.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

P. MAXWELL,

RESPECTFULLY announces that he continues his

business in the second story of Knapp's building,

opposite Burger's old stand, where he will be happy to

wait on his old customers and all who need any thing in

his line. If you want your garments made to order, and

after the Latest Fashion—call on MAXWELL.

N. B. Particular attention paid to Cutting and warranted

to fit if properly made up.

April 26, '49.

THE FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, DECEMBER 22, 1849.

NUMBER 41.

Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE BROTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

One moment more, beneath the old elm, Mary,
Where last we parted in the flowing dell—
One moment more through twilight tints that vary,
To gaze upon thy grave, and then, farewell!
Ere from this spot, and these loved scenes I sever,
Where still thy lovely spirit seems to stray—
One look—to fix them on my soul forever—
And then away!

Mary, I know my steps should now be shrinking
From this sad spot—but on my mournful gaze
A scene floats up that sets my soul to thinking
On all the dear delights of other days!
I'm gazing on the little foot-bridge yonder
Thrown o'er the stream whose waters part below,
Where I so oft have seen thee pause and ponder,
Leaving thy white brow on thy hand of snow.
I'm standing on the spot where first we parted,
Where, as I led thee in the fragrant dell,
I saw thee turn in soothful tears and heaved
Waving thy hand in token of farewell.
I start to meet thy footstep light and airy—
But—the cold grass waves o'er thy sweet young head!
What thought the living that thy fair form, Mary,
Was laid in mine instead!

In vain my heart's bitter thoughts would pass,
An adieu's grasp at thy shroud seems curdled,
For you were all I ever thought of, Mary—
Were all I doted on in this wide world!
And yet, I'd sigh not while thy fate I ponder,
Did memory only bring thee to my eye
Pale as thou sleepest in the church-yard yonder—
Or as an angel dazzling from the sky!
I then at least could treasure each sweet token
Of thy pure love—and in life's mad'ning whirl
Steel my cruel heart—had not thine own been broken,
Poor hapless girl!

But, Mary—Mary, when I think upon thee,
As when I last held thee in my pride—
And on the fate—oh God!—to which he won thee—
I curse the hour that sent me from your side!
Oh, why were thou so richly, strangely gifted
With mortal loveliness beyond compare!
The look of love beneath thy lashes lifted—
Its fatal sweetness was to thee a snare!
Yet sleep, my sister—I will not upbraid thee—
Thou wert too sweet to be a consciously a sinner;
But he—the exulting demon who betrayed thee—
He lives, he lives, and I am lingering here!
Even now some happier fair one's clasp may bind him
In dalliance sweet—but I'll avenge thee well!
Avenge thee?—yes! a brother's curse will find him,
Though he should dive into the depths of hell!
I swear it, sister—as thou art forgiven—
By all our wrongs—by all our several ties,
And by the blessedness of thy blue heaven,
That gives the world of woe to mine eyes:
By all my love—by every sacred duty—
A brother owes—and by thy heavenly beauty,
Thine early grave—and by thy blighted beauty,
Thou sweetest angel in the realms of God!
I swear it, he, the bustling gnat, I smother,
And call on Heaven and thee to avenge me now.
Mary, look down!—behold thy wretched brother,
And bless the vow!

Sister, my soul's last farewell is taking,
And I for this had thought it never to night,
But every chord about my heart seems breaking,
And blinding tears shut out the glimmering sight.
One look—oh, look!—last look! look to the mill and mill-race,
To the old foot-bridge and the murmuring mill,
And to the church yard sleeping in the shadow—
Crease tears—and see those fond eyes look their fill!
One look—and then—farewell!—I will not weep—
Beneath the twilight shades that round me flow!
The charm that bound my wild heart here, was Mary;
And she lies low!

Miscellaneous.

A distinguished Financier in a Fix

A Washington correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser narrates the following good joke, but awfully unpleasant fact in connection with a gentleman who has passed for a great manager of the public finances, though not so successful in his own:

The passage through the little state of Maryland, on the great route between the North and South, has become more perilous to a certain class of travelers than the terrors of Sylla and Charybdis. Delaware still retains in her civil code that most unpopular and unamiable feature, imprisonment for debt. A few days since, Mr. Walker, late Secretary of the Treasury, was returning from a visiting tour to the North. He had just been on a visit to the famous Pottsville coal region. He was accompanied by his family. On his arrival at Wilmington he was arrested for a debt of \$6,000, and was threatened with actual imprisonment in Castleton Jail. His friends Capt. Swift, President of the Ohio Railroad Company, and the President of the Reading Railroad Company, who had accompanied him on his visit to the mines were informed by telegraph of his situation and promptly had an engine for a special train run in readiness, with which they proceeded to Wilmington from Philadelphia, and had him released by giving bail.

A NEW DEFALCATION.—"Independent" writes from Washington to the Philadelphia North American that the Secretary of the Navy has dismissed Purser Kennon, of Virginia, from the service, for being a defaulter. His deficit is stated at \$10,000, which has been placed in the hands of the solicitor of the Treasury, in order that action may be instituted against the principal and his sureties. As yet no appointment has been made to fill the vacancy.

A ROYAL ARGUMENT.—Frederick the Great was very fond of dispute; and he as generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking him, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to express his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such very strong convictions and who wears such thick boots."

TRUTHFUL.—Ahmed Pacha, in proceeding from Egypt, on a mission to Constantinople, took with him a number of harem, numbering over 100 ladies.

The Mexican war, and the defections of the Denby's and other Pulk officers, together with the blunder of R. J. Walker, Mr. Polk's Sec'y of Treasury, leaves a deficit of about \$20,000,000 to meet the demands made by them on the Treasury.

Young gentlemen who would succeed in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits.

Letter from California.

By the kindness of Mrs. SHARP, we are permitted to make some extracts from a letter received from her husband, which, we doubt not will be interesting and gratifying to his numerous friends and acquaintances; it is dated:

SACRAMENTO CITY, California,
October 17, 1849.

My health is quite good, with the exception of slight attacks of rheumatism.— Since I last wrote, Rob't H. Caldwell has had the prevailing diarrhoea of the country, but is now well again. There is a good deal of this complaint in this country and always will be to new-comers, for they nearly all have to live on salt meat until they reach here, and then all go in for fresh meat, this, together with the mineral waters brings on the diarrhoea, but it is seldom dangerous, if attended to in season. The boys [the Lower Sandusky boys] were down from the mines last week, they have all done well for new-beginners. We see some of our acquaintances almost every day. Dr. Anderson and son, of Maumee city, arrived here a few days since; the Doctor reached this place on an ox-cart, the sorry remains of two splendid teams with which he started. R. H. Pinney, (the Texian lawyer who once figured in Lower Sandusky,) Hiram Kelley, (tinner), Lewis Green, Peter Hershey, and quite a number from Sandusky city—all well. Eight out of ten of the people here are from the States, and every thing goes on smoothly.

There was considerable excitement here yesterday: we had an election to see if the people were willing to have a corporation and town council, or not. The gamblers and liquor sellers rose up en masse against the measure, knowing if it should prevail, they would be taxed. But their endeavors were all fruitless, the measure was carried by a large majority. So order must prevail. To talk of rabble and cut-throats—why, this place is as orderly as Lower Sandusky, either on the Sabbath or a week day. The fact is, the Yankees brought their steady habits along with them.

I have just returned from a visit to Sutter's Fort; the place is in quite a dilapidated state; many of the outside walls having fallen down. They are built of what we here call *dolys*, being brick 18 inches long, 5 inches in thickness and 10 in width, made of mud and dried in the sun; this is what constitutes a Mexican hacienda. The Fort has now two hospitals kept in it, which look very neat and comfortable.

The emigration still pours in by land and water. Sacramento numbers about 4,000 men and 12 ladies! This is California—the land of song, "gold-dreams and diamond boys." As for the diamonds, I have seen none of them, but gold dust is as plenty here as paper money in the States, and ten times more so, for the meanest kind of men have their pockets full of it. I have seen many who have made themselves rich in a few days, though these are rare; many that were not used to work at home, when they come to dig in the mines, if they do not make themselves rich the first or second day, get discouraged, leave the mines, curse the country and go home; fully one-half are of this stamp, and many more gamable it away as fast as they get it.

The fact of it is, people here set no more value on a dollar than the people there do on a six-pence, as it is as easily earned as a six-pence is there.—For instance,—an old miner who had made some \$70,000 in the mines, wished me to make a ramrod for his rifle, when it was finished, he counted me down eighteen Mexican dollars; my price was but two dollars.

I suppose there is as much gold in these mountains as has been represented; but that which is got now and is to be got hereafter, will take twice the labor that was required the last year. It is the most laborious kind of work, but it creates, a kind of excitement which enables them to do much more than they would at any other kind of labor. They have to dig through gravel and rocks from one to three feet, and frequently have to throw out heavy rocks to reach the metal, and then after having opened their lead, and are digging from 50 to \$100 per day, in a week it may entirely fail, and they have to hunt another spot. But sometimes they may make a fortune out of one hole; so you see it is quite uncertain and requires a great deal of perseverance; in fact, it is any thing but pleasant business. Men not accustomed to work have no business here; but any man who has his health, and is willing to work at any thing can make money, plenty.

The rainy season will soon be on us. What effect this will have upon the business in town I cannot tell. The miners generally, intend to winter in the mountains, and are taking up a sufficient supply of provisions and other necessities. Several small stores have been removed from the city into the mountains, for when the rainy season commences the roads become impassable, so there will be little or no communication between the city and the mines. There has an immense quantity of goods arrived from the States. About fifty large vessels are lying in the harbor which will have to winter there. These will be used as store-ships and boarding-places. A number of slaves have been brought to this country by their masters, but on their arrival, they went to work for themselves, and left their masters to do the same—as this is the land of "free-trade and equal rights." The people in the States need have no fear that slavery will be planted here. I know of some negroes who get their \$250 per month, as cooks in our boarding-houses.

Rob't H. Caldwell, Wm. Pettibone and myself have purchased a black-smith shop; Caldwell works at black-smithing, I as wagon-maker and house-carpenter, and Pettibone is now at the mines. We board ourselves, it costing about \$1 25 per day. We have No. 1 mackerel for breakfast, 25c per lb.—beef-steaks for dinner and supper at 25c per lb.—buy all our bread at the baker's at 50c per loaf. If a man sharpens his ax on our grind-stone, we charge him 50c, this keeps us in pice at 50c each.

Sometimes we have butter at \$1 per pound, cheese the same, good molasses at \$1 50 per gallon, these articles together with pickles, constitute our usual bill of fare. Some Irish and sweet potatoes and plenty of onions, each \$1 per pound. Our best flour comes from Oregon and South America.—Beef cattle are plenty, but the miners use salt provisions, and have no fresh only as they kill an elk, deer, or grizzly bear, which is rather a risky business. The miners all get transformed into Indians, in their looks, manner of living and habits. I shall not go up to the mines, but stay in the city. The average yield of the miners does not exceed 12 to \$15 per day. It has now become a mechanical operation. I suppose there is now more goods sold here in one day than is sold in Lower Sandusky in a week. It is true wheat does not come in by thousands of bushels, but in the place of it—thousands of gold dust, which is readily taken for currency, and on which a man may sleep safely at \$10 per ounce. There is ten times the amount of silver here that you have there, and the quantity of ten and five cent pieces is almost innumerable.—I have heard of the ravages of the cholera at Sandusky city. John M. Smith left for the mines a day or two since, with as much beard as ever a Dunkard wore, and fat as a bear.

Give my best respects to all enquiring friends.

ISAAC SHARP.

The true Object of Life.

The following beautiful extract is taken from a lecture on Leisure—its Uses and Abuses, found in the new volume of orations and discourses by the Rev. Bethune, spoken of a few days since:

Commerce or any pursuit which is usually called business, is unworthy of being considered the proper occupation of life. It is only necessary to provide or to procure the means of living. The time devoted to it should be considered as a tax upon our immortal being, laid upon us by the necessities of that curse which sin brought with it into our world. If so, the leisure which the necessities of business allow becomes incalculably more precious, as being the only season when we can devote ourselves mainly and exclusively to the great end of our being. For though there is no honest pursuit of life in which we may not serve God and our fellow men, no man is fitted for the practice of virtue merely by practice; he must, in hours of rest, study its theory, contemplate its ends, and wisely guide himself for the toil.

If there be one here, (though I am sure there is not) who has no higher ambition than to be a mere man of business, a mere slave of men's bodily necessities, a mere idolator of his own purse; to have his life but a thing of cotton bags and tobacco hogsheds, druggists and dowdles, madder and fustic town lots, bank stocks, and exchanges, his mind like the advertising side of a daily gazette, or the weekly Price Current; the sum of his life, the balance sheet of his ledger; and who estimates his worth by the dollars and cents which remain to his credit, who would choose for his immortality one eternal Wall street, and give up a crown of glory to be called the best man upon "change"—if there be such an one, he may despise those moments of leisure which business spares, waste them in sinful sloth, lounge them away in rapid amusements, dawdle over ephemeral magazines, or newspaper reports of police causes and shocking accidents squable in the low arena of party politics, exhaust his breath in blowing up every bubble of popular excitement, dissipate gallantries in ladies ears who in their soul despise such emptiness, and but tolerate the fool as they do a pet dog or a parrot for want of better company; or perhaps do worse, in vulgar debaucheries. He may despise leisure and so waste it, but he must take the consequence in this world and the next. A mere merchant! a mere man of business! Who would be content with such a designation? What respect can one feel for such a character? All he gets from the world is the credit of being worth so much dross, a little fawning servility from those who wish to borrow of him or owe him already, or the wondering calculation of how much his heirs will divide among them when he leaves his wealth behind him with his rotting body. Were I such a man, I would wish my name to die with me, and would ask neither marble nor granite, nor the vernal page, to preserve the memory of my sordid selfishness. Let it perish like the thistle cut down by the mower's scythe, or the dry mullein that decays on the barren hill side.

But there is a true grandeur, which though we cannot reach, we must admire and may emulate, in him who devotes the energies of a well stored mind to the pursuit of commerce, that the fruits of noble enterprise may enable him to follow the bent of his disposition in the spread of knowledge, and the liberality of a wide philanthropy; who can shake off the meaner jealousies of trade with the dust of his warehouse; who leaves behind him the populous solitude of his library and hold communion with the mighty dead, to join the social circle and brighten the glow of cheerful but rational converse by the warmth of his own intelligence, or to mingle with the evening crowd who meet to devise and prosecute new plans for doing good to his countrymen and the world; whose walls are adorned with works of native art, acquired by a price which has cheered the child of genius in his lone enthusiasm; at whose table and hearstone the scholar and the man of science is a welcome and delighted guest, and whom religion claims as his consistent and beneficent follower. Like a noble tree, whose roots are struck deep in fruitful earth, he stands in a gigantic strength, his higher arms aspiring to heaven, while the poor, the sorrowful, and the friendless, find shelter and food beneath the shadow of his wide branches.

The correspondent of the Evening Post states, that at the second meeting for consultation held by the free soil men proper, they agreed upon a pledge that the members elected upon pledges of entire fidelity to the principle of opposition to the extension of slavery under our constitution, will in no contingency support any man for Speaker of the House who will not pledge himself to cordial and effectual co-operation with them on this principle. The pledge was subscribed by Preston King, David Wilmot, Messrs Booth, of Connecticut, Durkee, of Wisconsin, and Tuck, of New Hampshire, who by previous party affinities are Democrats; by Messrs. Allen, of Massachusetts, Giddings and Root of Ohio, John W. Howe, of Pennsylvania, and Sprague of Michigan, whose sympathies and connections, prior to the canvass which resulted in their election to Congress, were Whigs.

Beautiful Poem.